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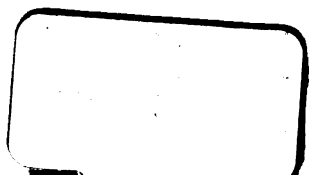
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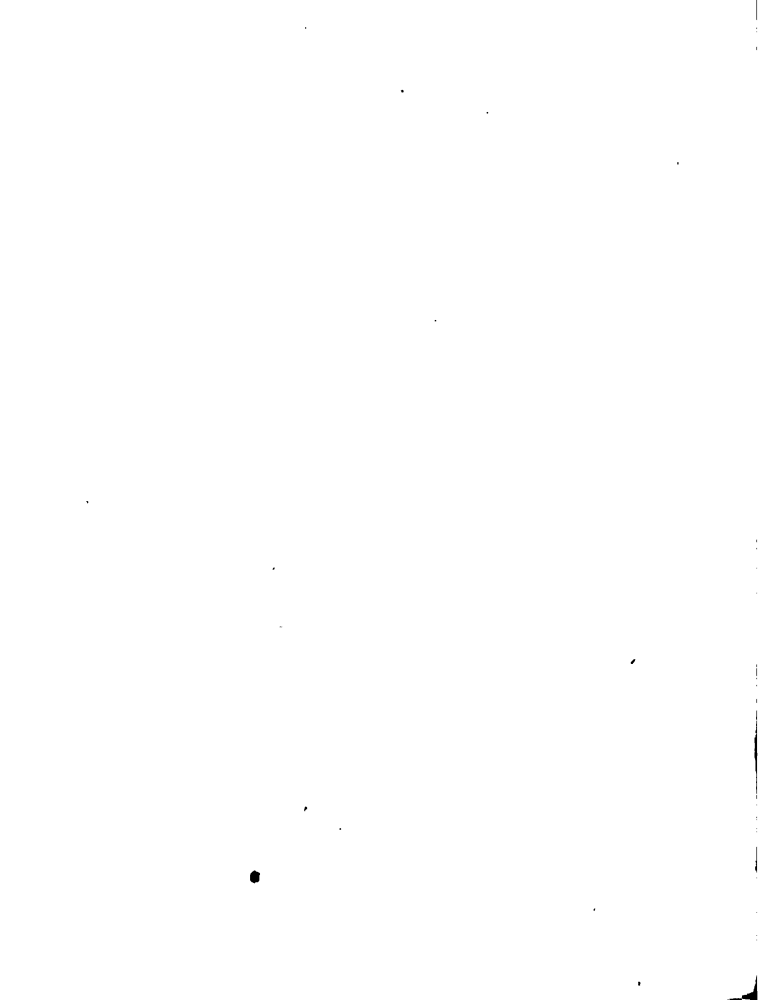


THE LITTLE MIMIC.

COUSIN CICELY'S
SILVER LAKE STORIES.



AUBURN:
ALDEN, BEARDSLEY & CO.



AUNT PATTY'S MIRROR;

A COLLECTION OF PIECES

IN PROSE AND RHYME,

FOR THE

SILVER LAKE STORIES.

With Illustrations.

Copy of the original

BY COUSIN CICELY.

AUTHOR OF "THE BUDGET," ETC.

AUBURN:

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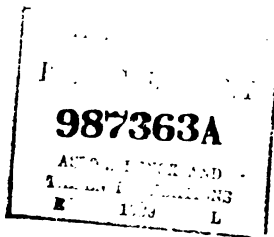
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STEREOTYPED BY
THOMAS B. SMITH,
216 William St., N. Y.

FROM among the many papers I found in Aunt Patty's 'Green Satchel,' I have selected the pieces contained in the present volume. In a few of these stories it may be possible that some of my young readers may find a reflection of certain features in their own characters. If so, it may possibly do them no harm to take a look into the mirror of Aunt Patty Pry.

THE SILVER LAKE STORIES,

COMPRISING THE FOLLOWING VOLUMES.

I.—THE JUMBLE.

II.—THE OLD PORTFOLIO.

III.—THE GREEN SATCHEL.

IV.—THE CORNUCOPIA.

V.—AUNT PATTY'S MIRROR.

VI.—THE BUDGET.

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The Little Mimic.

WHEN is the new governess coming, mamma?" asked Lizzie Walton of her mother.

"I have just received a letter, saying that we may look for her by the end of this week," answered her mother.

"I wonder what she will be like," said Fanny. "I hope she will not be like Miss Hart. She was the cross-est old thing I ever saw, and she

made me hate the very idea of a governess."

"I think it was partly your own fault, Fanny, that Miss Hart was so cross," said her mother, "you certainly tried her temper very much ; which I confess was not of the sweetest. I hope you will try to do better with Miss Mervyn."

"Have you ever seen Miss Mervyn, mamma?" asked Lizzie.

"No, dear, never."

"How did you find her out?"

"Oh, a great many years ago your father and Mr. Mervyn were very intimate, and Mr. Mervyn, who was then a very wealthy man, showed your father

a great many kindnesses. For some years they have had no correspondence with each other, but a few weeks ago, your father received a letter from Miss Anna Mervyn, saying that her father had been dead about a year, and that to her great astonishment and grief, she found that through the mismanagement of his affairs, she was left dependent upon her own exertions for her support. She speaks too of her helpless situation, as if she was in feeble health ; but says she is able to teach ; and she applied to your father, of whom she said she had often heard her father speak with great affection, to ask him

if he knew of any situation for her. It was just after Miss Hart left, and your father was very happy to offer the daughter of his old friend, the situation of governess in our family."

"Are our cousins to study with us, mamma?"

"Certainly, my dear; their parents requested me when they left, to allow their little girls to pursue their studies with you."

"Oh, then there will be four of us; how pleasant that will be!" exclaimed both the little girls.

Mr. Walton was a farmer; he had a beautiful place; but as it was at some

distance from any town, his children had not the advantage of daily schools, and as the little girls were yet too young to send away to boarding-school, they had always been under the care of teachers at home.

The cousins, of whom Lizzie spoke, were Laura and Emma Granby, the children of a sister of Mrs. Walton, who with her husband was travelling in Europe, and at Mrs. Walton's earnest desire, had left her children with her. The little girls had had a long holiday, and they were now in daily expectation, and in no small degree of dread, of the arrival of the new governess.

On Saturday afternoon, the stage drove up to the door, and the children assembled together at the front window, to catch the earliest possible glimpse of the stranger, whom Mr. Walton was assisting to alight from the stage. The piazza ran along the whole front of the house, and the steps were at the end, so that in order to enter the front door, Miss Mervyn must pass the window, at which the little girls had stationed themselves.

"Why, girls," said little Fanny, "she is *lame*!"

"And *deformed* too, I declare!" said Emma Granby.

Just then the new teacher turned towards them to speak to Mr. Walton, and Lizzie exclaimed, "But what a lovely face she has, and how very young she looks."

"And what a sweet voice," said Laura, as Miss Mervyn was now speaking to Mrs. Walton in the hall. The new governess was now introduced to the children; she seemed slightly embarrassed, but not awkward. She might be about eighteen years old, and as the children had said, was deformed and lame; but her face was very beautiful, her voice was gentle and sweet, and her manners so amiable, and lovely,

that the children felt certain they should love her very much.

Miss Mervyn could teach them to play the piano, she could teach them to draw, she made their lessons easy by pleasing illustrations, and when school-hours were over, she often amused them by telling them interesting stories. In short, Miss Mervyn, or Miss Anna, as the children called her, had not been long in the house, before Mr. and Mrs. Walton found that they had indeed secured a treasure; and she was soon dearly loved by every member of the household.

Fanny was a bright little creature,

warm-hearted and affectionate, but she had one dangerous talent ; it was that of *mimicry*. She could look, talk, or walk like anybody she had ever seen ; and I am sorry to say that her brothers and sisters encouraged her in the exercise of this talent, by laughing at her imitations. If any person came on business with her father, or to visit her mother, who had anything peculiar about them, no sooner had they left the house, than Miss Fanny would screw up her face into an exact imitation of theirs, or talk with their tones, or walk across the floor with their precise gait, while the other children would listen,

or look on, in convulsions of laughter. This is a very dangerous habit ; it is so natural for children to like to do what they do well, that they will sacrifice all their better feelings, for the sake of the applause of those who listen to them. One day, not a great while after Miss Anna became an inmate of Mr. Walton's family, the little girls were all together in the dining-room. Fanny was in high spirits, and was amusing the others with imitations of every one she knew, who had any peculiarity about them ; when suddenly she exclaimed, " See here, girls !" and stooping over, and crooking her back, she limped across the room.

Laura and Emma Granby laughed, and said, "Capital!" Lizzie said, "For shame, Fanny!" but I am sorry to say that Lizzie laughed too; while Mary, the servant girl, who was in the room, turned around and rebuked her sharply.

At that moment the door partly opened, and was almost immediately closed again. It was Miss Anna, who was coming in for a book, but as she opened the door she caught in a mirror the reflection of little Fanny, and recognizing the perfect imitation of her own form in a moment, and hearing the applause bestowed upon Fanny, she drew back

before the children saw her, and pained to the very heart, retired to her own room.

That evening, after the lessons were all over, Miss Anna said, "Children, if you will all come to my room, I have a story to tell you." The little girls were delighted, for Miss Anna's stories were always so interesting, and it was not long therefore before they were tapping at Miss Anna's door. "Come in," said her gentle voice, and they all entered her room.

She was sitting in her easy chair, looking paler than usual, and rather sad, and the children thought they saw

traces of tears on her face. When they were all seated Miss Anna began :

“There was once a little girl who lived with her parents, in a beautiful and happy home ; she was an only child, and was greatly petted, and indulged, and had everything that heart could wish. She was called very pretty ; her figure was as light, and fairy-like, as little Fanny’s, and she was at once the darling, and pride of her fond parents. This little girl was growing up to think that she was to be admired, and praised, wherever she went, and that no wish of her heart was to be denied ; and God took the means to sub-

due the pride and vanity of her heart, and to make her feel that all earthly dependence is vain.

At one time, she took it into her head that she wanted a swing—a very high swing ; and as soon as she made her wish known to her father, he ordered the swing to be put up, between two very high trees, in a grove near the house ; and whenever this young lady wanted to swing, a man was ready to wait upon her. Her mother was very anxious about this swing, and feared that her little daughter might be injured by it ; and she always cautioned James not to swing her very high.

One day when James was swinging her, the little girl called out :

“Swing me higher, James !”

“I am afraid, Miss,” he answered ;
“your mother said I must not swing you very high.”

“Oh, there is no danger, James, and I tell you I will go higher ; higher ! James, higher ! Swing me till I go straight out from where the rope is tied.” James did very wrong, and obeyed the wilful child, when suddenly the rope broke, and she fell from a great height, directly upon her back. She was taken up insensible, and for some time it was feared that she was dead ;

I cannot describe to you the agony of her fond parents ; indeed, the effect of the shock, and distress of mind, was so great upon her mother, whose health was already delicate, that she sank under it, and from that time failed very rapidly.

For long weary months, the child lay upon her bed of suffering, and when at length she left it, it was to find herself a hopeless cripple. But before that time, she had seen her mother, who had long been confined to her bed in the same room, close her eyes in death, and she heard almost with her dying groan, the cry, ‘ Who will watch over my helpless little one ? ’ ”

Here Miss Anna, who had long been quietly wiping away her tears as she talked, paused, completely overcome by her feelings, and covering her face with her handkerchief, she wept bitterly. The children looked at each other sadly; they had for some time suspected that Miss Anna was telling them her own story, and so it proved, for she soon said: ♦.

“I see children, that you already know whose story I have been telling you, and I may as well tell the rest of it in my own name. I cannot describe to you the feeling of mortification, and distress with which I first surveyed my

altered form in the glass. I who had been so proud of my light, delicate figure, who was always dancing, and singing, so light-hearted, and gay, was now, and must ever be, a misshapen cripple. I was at first rebellious, but better feelings came at length, and I seemed to hear Him, who used to make the lame to walk, saying unto me, 'I will not say to thee, "Be thou restored," but I will give thee grace, and strength, to bear whatsoever I may put upon thee.' It was a struggle for years, before I could say from my heart, 'Thy will, oh God, be done!' It was my daily, and nightly prayer, that I might

be wholly resigned to his will, and at length I think my prayer was answered.

“But bitter trials awaited me yet. I so far recovered as to be able to pursue my studies; and my father, who had once been so proud of my personal appearance, now devoted himself to the cultivation of my mind; and yet with great caution, lest he should overtask my strength. I had drawing-masters, and music-masters, and pursued other studies with my father, but none of these were ever made tedious to me. I did no more than I liked, but it was a pleasure and amusement to me to do what I could. Oh, how thankful I am

now for my father's care and kindness, in this respect.

“Years passed on, and I in some measure regained my cheerfulness, in the quiet of my home, and the society of my dear father, who was my only companion ; till I entered my seventeenth year, when it pleased God to take my dear father from me ; and this heavy blow was followed by the tidings that through the mismanagement of his affairs I was left penniless. For a time I was completely crushed ; thrown out upon the wide world, in my helpless state, with no friend to lean upon. I at length thought of my father's early

friend, of whom I had often heard him speak with great affection, I mean your own excellent father, Lizzie ; and the result of my application to him was my kind and cordial welcome under his roof.

“It was not without a shrinking of heart,” continued Miss Mervyn, “that I came among new faces, and new scenes ; but your kind welcome, drove away all such feelings, and made me feel at home at once. Now dear little Fanny, do not think me harsh, or unkind, when I say, that my feelings were deeply pained to-day, when I saw the image of a crooked form reflected in the mir-

ror, which I could not for a moment doubt, was intended as an imitation of mine. Do not cry so bitterly, dear," said Miss Mervyn, drawing Fanny to her, and kissing her cheek, "I do not say this merely to find fault with you, but only for your good. I know it was thoughtlessness ; I know you would not willingly hurt my feelings ; you possess a dangerous talent, Fanny, and one which there is a very strong temptation to exercise. It is always pleasant to us to do whatever we can do well, and whatever brings us the praise of others ; and let me say that I think a large share of the blame, rests with those

who encourage and applaud you. All our habits good or bad are strengthened by exercise, and if you go on, my dear little Fanny, mimicking the peculiarities of every one you see, you will at length make yourself very disagreeable; people will be afraid of you, and you will do yourself great injury."

"Oh, Miss Anna," sobbed Fanny, "it was very cruel; can you ever forgive me?"

"Certainly, dear, I have forgiven you, and the only reason I have given you this little sketch of my own life, was to lead you, when you are inclined to mimic the defects or deformities of those

you see, to think how much suffering they may have endured ; and to lead you to be thankful to God, who has so far preserved you from such a calamity."

Miss Mervyn's story, I am happy to say, had a lasting effect on little Fanny ; she made a strong effort to conquer the evil habit which had gained such power over her. Often when some person with an unfortunate peculiarity left the house, she would rise from her chair and prepare to imitate them, but on second thoughts she would take her seat, and catching up her work, would say, "No, I will not do it, either!"

Miss Mervyn remained many years

in the family of Mr. Walton, beloved and respected by all. I need hardly say that her feelings were never again pained, by any allusion to her deformity ; and when she died, it was with all her beloved pupils around her, and many tears were shed over "Miss Anna's grave," by those whom she had so faithfully trained, for this life and the next.

Spring Wild Flowers.

THE Spring-time has come, and the wild flowers
are blowing,

And the fields and the orchards are clothed all
in green,

The streams lately frozen now gaily are flowing,
And all nature contributes to gladden the scene.

And we too when come the bright holiday hours,
Delight in the spring-time, and welcome it too,
We roam to the green woods to gather wild
flowers,

The blood-root so pure and the violet blue.



SPRING WILD FLOWERS.

The anemone pale, and the wild virgin's bower,
A wreath for the hair of our sisters to twine,
In the marshes we find the strange side-saddle
flower,

On the rocky hillsides pluck the wild columbine.

Play on, happy boys, in your childhood's bright
hours,

For this is *your* spring, and with you all is gay;
But life cannot be spent, as you know, gathering
flowers,

And the days of your spring-time are passing
away.

Play on, for as spring is the season for flowers,
So childhood life's spring should with pleasures
abound:

But as blossoms all wither 'mid autumn's cold
showers,

So we too droop and die and are laid in the ground.

But the flowers thus withered are never forsaken,
For another spring smiles and more brightly they
bloom :

So the just from their sleep in the ground shall
awaken,

And in bright robes of glory arise from the tomb.

Bitter Lessons.

“**I**T is almost finished, Emily! Now for a *double extra flourish*, as I sign my name ; but I guess I will wait till father comes in, and get a new pen, for that.”

“Oh, I am certain you will get the prize, Fred ! The composition is a first-rate one, I am sure ; and then you have copied it so beautifully. Not a single blot, not a word scratched out, or spelt wrong.”

“I must thank *you* for that last, Em. If it had not been for you, I should only have put one *m* in imminent, and I should have spelt ascension, with a *t*. Oh, dear! how many sheets of paper we have spoiled, though, before it was finally right; but I do believe now, I shall get the gold pen. I am glad we have not let father, or mother, or Rosa, see it till it was all finished, and tied up. Have you got the blue ribbon yet, Em?”

“Yes, it is all ready; as soon as you have signed your name, and got it thoroughly dry, I will tie it together for you, and then it will be ready for

exhibition. Take care! there comes Rosa! cover it up quick!"

Rosa Weldon was a very strange child. From her earliest years she had always shown an uncommonly suspicious, and prying disposition. If two persons were whispering together, she always imagined that they could be talking about nobody but herself. If significant glances passed between any of the school-girls, she was sure that she was the subject of them. Many a nice plan did she spoil, by being determined to find out every secret that was going on in the family, and many a pleasant surprise did she lose in the way of a pres-

ent, because she could not rest, when she fancied anything was concealed from her.

As you will understand, from the conversation which passed between Emily and Fred, there was to be a prize given at the academy, for the English composition which should be the best in all respects ; matter, spelling, and penmanship. This prize was to be a gold pen, and the compositions were to be handed in for examination, the day after the conversation with which our story opens.

Fred had chosen "The Balloon" for his subject, and had really made a very

good composition out of it, and as he was the finest writer in the school, and had taken especial pains on this occasion, and Emily had assisted him in the spelling department, he saw no reason why the much wished for prize should not be his.

Every day after school, he worked at it, tearing up sheet after sheet of paper, if the slightest mistake was made, and patiently beginning it all over again. But now he had got to the end; the writing was all fair, and beautiful; every comma, and period, was in its place, and he only waited for a new pen, to give the "double extra flourish,"

as he said, at the end, when Rosa entered the room.

Rosa had watched Emily and Fred, "with their heads together," as she expressed it, for some days ; and she remarked that as soon as she entered the room, they ceased talking, and when she passed very near the table, as she generally *happened* to do, and cast her eyes that way, they always contrived to cover up the paper which was before them.

"I know it is something about *me*, they are writing," said she to herself ; "if not, why should they be so particular to hide the writing from me ? They

are writing something to make fun of me. I know now ! they are writing to brother John, about my listening at the door the other night, and opening that letter of mother's."

When Rosa entered the room, and heard Emily say, "There comes Rosa ! cover it up quick !" her suspicions were confirmed. Quick as thought she darted to the table, seized poor Fred's composition, and before either he or Emily could prevent it, she had torn the sheet into three or four pieces, and thrown them on the floor.

"Oh, Rosa ! Rosa ! what have you done !" exclaimed Emily, angrily.



ROSA TEARING THE COMPOSITION.

Fred was a kind, gentle boy ; he did not storm, or strike, when he had occasion to be angry, but when he saw what Rosa had done, he sat down and covered his face with his hands, and said, "Farewell to the prize, for me !"

"Oh, Fred ! Fred ! was that your composition ?" exclaimed Rosa, who already repented of her rashness.

"Yes, Rosa," said Emily, "you have torn up poor Fred's prize composition, on which he has worked for weeks, and weeks. He had just got it completed, and as soon as I had trimmed it, he was going to show it to you, and father, and mother."

“Oh, Fred! my dear brother! what can I do for you?” asked Rosa.

“Nothing, Rosa, nothing; the compositions were to be given in to-morrow, and there is no time to write another.”

“I suppose you imagined, as you generally do, that you were the subject of this writing,” said Emily.

“Well, it did look very much as if you were writing about me,” said Rosa; “you always ceased talking, or covered up the writing, when I came into the room.”

“Oh, Rosa, I do wish you would conquer this selfish disposition of yours,” said Emily, “for nothing but selfishness

is at the bottom of it, after all. You always imagine that people have nothing more important to write about, than your own little self. Poor Fred!" said she, as she saw the tears oozing out from between his fingers.

Fred said nothing, but rose and left the room. Now do not blame him, or call him "a baby." Fred had set his heart on this prize, and the loss of it, and all his labor, was a most bitter disappointment to him. Emily soon followed Fred, and Rosa remained alone, putting together the torn pieces of the composition, and thinking how beautiful it would have looked, but for her

impetuous burst of passion. After a few moments, she went up to her own room, with the torn pieces of paper in her hand, and in about half an hour, having obtained her mother's permission to go out, she put on her bonnet, and shawl, and left the house.

Poor Fred said nothing more about his composition, and tried to forget how much he had wished for the prize. The examination was over, and the day came on which the compositions were to be read, and the prizes awarded. Mr. Weldon's family were all present. After several compositions had been read, what was Fred's surprise, to hear

the title of the next one, which was "The Balloon." "Surely," said he to himself, "some one else has taken my subject." But, no! the composition was *his*: there could be no doubt about it. He had reason to know it well, having copied the beginning of it at least twenty times, and it was his own composition, word for word. Fred began to think he must be dreaming. At length, the teacher arose, and said:

"The committee have determined to award the first prize in composition, and penmanship, to Master Frederic Weldon. For though his composition has been so injured (not by any fault

of his own) that it cannot be handed around among the audience, it is by far the most beautifully written of any of those which were handed in ; and is in every respect faultless. We, therefore, award him the prize of a gold pen ; which he will please now to receive."

Fred was so completely overwhelmed with astonishment, that he could scarcely walk straight, as he went to the teacher's desk, and as soon as he had received the prize, he hurried from the room, more agitated than he was when Rosa tore up his composition.

Rosa had indeed neatly sewed together the torn pieces of the composi-

tion, and then taking it to Fred's teacher, had told him the story of her fault, and Fred's disappointment, and he had kindly consented to make known the state of the case to the committee.

What a pity that a child of so many fine generous traits, should have been the subject of such contemptible weaknesses ! I am sorry to say that even *this*, did not cure Rosa. She was very, very sorry for what she had done, but sorrow is not reformation. She went on, year after year, bringing trouble upon herself, and others, and alienating her best friends from her, by the foolish fancies she took into her head ; till at

length, when she was about fourteen years old, a circumstance happened, which involved more serious consequences.

Entering her father's study hastily one day, Rosa found him reading a letter. He looked sad and troubled. "Ah," said she to herself, "I am afraid my teacher has written to father, to tell him how she caught me looking into a letter of hers yesterday, which I thought might be from father about me. I will just step round, and look over his shoulder."

But as she came near her father, he quietly laid the letter on his knee, with the direction uppermost. This, to Rosa,

was sufficient to confirm her suspicions, and she thought she would give the world to know, what was in that letter.

"I *know* there must be something in it about me," said she, "or he would not be so careful to conceal it from me." Just then Nancy, the chambermaid, came in, and said :

"The man wishes to know if he is to wait for an answer, sir?"

"Tell him to say I will come down immediately," said Mr. Weldon, at the same time tearing up the letter, and throwing it into the fire. He then left the room, and Rosa sprang towards the fire, and seized the papers which were

not yet consumed, and putting them into her pocket with a quantity of ashes, which she had caught up in her haste, she ran up to her own room. Here she spread the papers out on the table, and arranged, and re-arranged over them for some time, as if they were a Chinese puzzle. Having, at length, arranged them as she supposed they belonged, she found nothing there about herself, but she did find what astonished, and shocked, her beyond measure. Here is what she read, in the scraps of paper, as she laid them together :

My dear sir :

regret — information —

my son William — taken — money —
counting-house safe — false keys —
Mr. Wallace's illness — confessed —
in the habit — small sums — gambling debts — yet save him — hush the matter up — off to California — begin anew — disgrace — public exposure — ruin of the boy — poor mother's heart. —

— ob Daniels.

“Oh, dear! who would have thought it!” exclaimed Rosa to herself, “William Daniels has always been thought such a fine fellow; and I know Mr. Wallace has trusted him with everything, while he has been sick. Why!

it is dreadful ! I would not say anything about it for the world ; it would make so much mischief." And she put on her hat, and shawl, and went to call on Helen Nelson, with whom she had struck up a sudden intimacy, and asked her to take a walk with her. While they were walking, they met William Daniels, hurrying along with some papers in his hand. He waved his hand, and smiled, and bowed, to the young ladies, as he passed.

"What a handsome fellow William Daniels is !" exclaimed Helen.

"Yes ; he *is* handsome !" said Rosa, and she sighed mysteriously.

“Why, Rosa, you emphasize ‘*handsome*,’ as if that was all that could be said of him. Father says he has wonderful business talents for so young a man, and Mr. Wallace trusts him with all his business, now he is sick. He is so strictly honest.”

“Is he?” said Rosa, in the same mysterious tone.

“Is he? why, of course, he is,” answered Helen. “What do you mean by speaking so, Rosa, do you know anything against him?”

“Well—perhaps I do; but I ought not to tell.”

“Oh! but you will tell *me*; you

know it will be as safe with me as with yourself."

"Well—but I am afraid you will tell, Helen."

"Why, *of course* not, Rosa."

"Well, then, I happen to know—now recollect you have promised—that William Daniels has taken a great deal of money from Mr. Wallace's safe, since he has been sick."

"Oh, Rosa! you don't say so."

"Yes, it is true, and the worst of it is—(now you must not *lisp* a word of this,) that it is to pay *gambling debts*."

"Oh, horrible! who would have

thought it! how did you find it out, Rosa?"

"Oh! I happened to see the letter, which Mr. Daniels himself wrote to father, about it. He wanted father to help in some way, to get him off to California, before it comes out; is n't it dreadful? Now, Helen, remember you will get me into trouble, if you tell this to a single creature."

How often a person discloses to another that which he cannot keep himself, (or I suppose a *gentleman* would say, that which *she* cannot keep *herself*,) imagining that his friend has much more prudence and discretion than him-

self, and that the secret will go no further. Helen had said to Rosa, "the secret will be just as safe with me, as with *yourself*," and it *was* just exactly as safe.

The friends parted at Rosa's door; and Helen went immediately to see her friend Laura Wallace; without any intention, of course, of betraying Rosa's confidence. She would not do such a thing as that for the world; and yet aching to rid herself of the secret, with which she was burdened.

Laura greeted her joyfully. "Oh, Helen!" she said, "you are just the person I was wishing to see! Do you

know papa is so much better, that he says I shall have my birthday party after all. You know my birthday comes next Tuesday, and I want you to help me think who to invite."

The two girls then sat down, with pencil, and paper, and began to make out a list. After getting through with the female friends, they came to the young gentlemen. Laura wrote the names of three or four, and then said, "And William Daniels, *of course*."

"Oh!" said Helen, gravely, "are you going to invite *him*?"

"William Daniels? why, of course I am! I know he is rather older than

our set, but then he does not mind that. And he is always glad to come here, to see my sister Clara. You know they would be engaged, only papa thinks they are too young yet. But why did you speak so, Helen, I thought you liked William Daniels so much."

"Well—I *did*!"

"Did? Have you had any reason to change your opinion of him?"

"It may be that I have; but you must not ask me, Laura. I have promised not to tell."

"Oh, but, Helen, you must just tell *me*. Of course, I would not wish to invite him to my party, if there is any-

thing against him. I really *ought* to know, I think."

"Well, I suppose you ought, but I was charged positively not to tell."

All this only stimulated Laura's curiosity, who begged Helen just to tell *her* the secret; it need go no further. In short, without detailing the conversation *that* happened, which the reader has anticipated; with many injunctions of secrecy, Helen told Laura the whole story.

Laura opened her eyes ~~very~~ wide, and held up her hands in astonishment; and in fifteen minutes after Helen had left the house, Laura who thought it

her duty to do so, had told the whole story to her father. The old gentleman, to the astonishment of his clerks, soon appeared in his counting-room, and began to look into his accounts, and examine his safe. He soon became convinced that there was a deficiency; and though it was hard to believe such a thing of the young man in whom he had trusted, yet as he was assured that his father had himself disclosed it to Mr. Weldon, he could not doubt but it was true. "And if so," said he, "I will not be outwitted by Daniels and Weldon; the young man shall be brought to justice." And the news soon spread

through the community, that William Daniels had been arrested, for stealing large sums of money from Mr. Wallace.

“What does this mean, Mr. Wallace?” said old Mr. Daniels, rushing into the office of that gentleman.

“Mean, sir? how can you ask what it means, when you yourself wrote the account of it to Mr. Weldon, and asked him to join with you in getting the boy off to California.”

“I did, sir, write about *some* boy, but not about *my* boy; there is some terrible mistake here, I wish you would send for Mr. Weldon immediately. My poor boy! so upright, and honorable as he

is! So devoted to your interest! You have been very hasty, Mr. Wallace, to have him arrested without giving him time for explanation."

"Perhaps, I have; perhaps, I have," answered the old gentleman; "but the story came very straight from Mr. Weldon's daughter Rosa, who said she had seen the letter you wrote to her father."

"Ah! that is the young lady who is always prying into other people's letters; but she has got a strange understanding of a letter this time. Send for her too, Mr. Wallace, and let us have the whole affair cleared up."

In less than half an hour, Mr. Weldon,

and Rosa, Laura Wallace, old Mr. Daniels, and Helen Nelson, who had also been sent for, were collected in Mr. Wallace's office. Rosa was very much frightened, for she saw by the grave countenances of the gentlemen, and the anxious looks of the girls, that they were called together on some business of importance.

"Rosa," said Mr. Weldon, sternly, "how came you to see a letter, written by Mr. Daniels to me yesterday?"

It was a very humiliating thing to do, but Rosa had to begin, and relate the whole story of her suspicions; and of her catching the bits of paper from

the fire, and putting them together, and what she had made out of them.

“Oh, Rosa! my daughter!” exclaimed her father, “where will this prying curiosity of yours lead to! Mr. Daniels, have you the original of your letter to me?”

“Yes, sir, at home among my papers; I will bring it in a few moments.”

He returned almost immediately, and put a letter into the hand of Mr. Weldon, who looked it over, and said:

“Yes; this is an exact copy of the letter Mr. Daniels sent me, and let me tell you, Rosa, that in putting the pieces of paper, which you snatched

from the fire, together, you had only a part of them, and from these you drew your own inferences ; and your story repeated by others, has been the means of the arrest of an honorable, and high-minded young man. For the sake of clearing him, we must make known the contents of this letter, though we would have been glad, if possible, to screen the young man, who is the subject of it. Here is the letter I received from Mr. Daniels :

My dear sir :

I regret much, to be obliged to give you a piece of information, communicated to me to-day, by my son

William ; which is this. He has discovered that the boy Michaël, in whom you and I have taken so much interest, has taken a considerable amount of money, from the counting-room safe, (of which he has a false key,) during Mr. Wallace's illness. On speaking to him about it, Michael with many tears, confessed to William, that he has been in the habit of taking small sums at a time ; but that having contracted some gambling debts, he was obliged to take larger sums to pay them, or be arrested. We may yet save him, if you will join with me to hush the matter up, by making up the deficiency, and then send

the boy off to California, where he promises to begin anew, and avoid the vices, to which he has been addicted. I would do anything in my power to save him the disgrace of public exposure, as I think that would be the ruin of the boy, and would break his poor mother's heart. When can I see you to talk the matter over? Yours,

JACOB DANIELS.

"Do you see what you have made of this, Rosa?" asked her father of the weeping girl. "I cannot feel sorry for you, my daughter," said he, "but I regret that you are not the only sufferer by your folly."

“Mr. Daniels, Mr. Daniels, let’s have that noble boy of yours here,” said Mr. Wallace. “I will have him released at once, and will do all in my power, to atone to him, for the suffering, and disgrace, which have been put upon him.”

It was not long before William Daniels, accompanied by his father, and a few friends, entered the office. And William was then, for the first time, made acquainted with the causes, which led to his arrest. He felt, at first, as if he could hardly forgive Mr. Wallace, for so readily believing evil reports of him, but when the old gentleman told him that in order to show

his entire confidence in him, he should take him immediately into partnership ; and also gave him to understand, that he would give his cordial consent, to William's engagement to his daughter Clara, William could hold out no longer. And the day which had seemed so dark, ended very happily for him.

Mr. Wallace also allowed the boy Michael to leave the country privately, and gave him every encouragement to lead a life of honesty, in the new country to which he and his poor mother were going.

This last lesson, I am happy to say, was not lost upon Rosa. From this

time forth she ceased to fancy that the thoughts of all others were taken up with her exclusively ; and she would now as soon touch a viper, as a written paper which was not directed to herself.

Country Pleasures.

VACATION has come! and away we all hurry,
To leave the dull city, its dust, and its heat,
Its noise, and its tumult, its bustle and flurry,
Which weary the brain, and which tire the
feet.

Vacation has come! and the wagon is ready,
The trunks are all in, the good-byes are all
said,
Hurrah! we are off, we are off at last, Neddy,
A smooth road underneath, and blue sky over-
head.

SUMMER



How lovely and fresh the broad fields are re-
posing,

How pleasant the cottages shaded with green,
The flocks and the herds by the cool streams
are dozing,

All tell of tranquillity calm and serene.

As it leaps from the rock the bright water is
flashing,

And the brook o'er its pebbly bed glides on
its way,

From the fall of the mill-dam the cool spray is
plashing,

And the hum of the mill never ceases all day.

On a rude raft we sail on the mill-stream so clear,
Or wade with bare feet in the pure running
brook,

With our torches at night we the slippery eels spear,
Or by day fish for trout with the fly-baited hook.



HUNTING FOR HEN'S EGGS.

Then to search in the loft for the hen's hidden
treasures,

The rude ladder we mount plunging through
the sweet hay ;

From the window we leap, and in search of new
pleasures,

We 're off through the green fields and pastures
away.

Then away to the field, on the hay cart we rumble,

We toss the fresh grass, and we rake the dried
hay ;

On the top of the hay-stack so fragrant we
tumble,

And ride home with the men at the close of the
day.

When the apples are gathered to make the sweet
cider,

We down to the cider-mill follow the team :

As the old horse plods round, Ned is driver, I
rider,
As I circle about with the turn of the beam.

When the rich juice has filled every vat, tub, and
barrel,
Each urchin appears duly armed with a straw,
No temperance man with such liquor will quarrel,
'Tis not even forbid by the famous "Maine
law."

But, alas ! for the school-boy vacation is over,
Farewell to the fields, and the bright running
streams ;
In the woods, o'er the hills, he's no longer a
rover,
Save when books are all closed, and he "wan-
ders in dreams."

Kate Stanley,

OR THE EVILS OF EXAGGERATION.

A GOOD-TEMPERED, pleasant, and very amusing girl was Kate Stanley. Neither pride, affectation, nor ill-nature marked her character; but still she possessed one fault, and as it was one which is not by any means uncommon among young ladies of the present day, I cannot pass it by unnoticed.

Kate would have scorned to tell a

deliberate falsehood, where anything which she thought of importance was concerned, and yet, in her statements of ordinary occurrences, and her descriptions of every-day scenes, she never related anything exactly as it occurred. The habit of exaggeration, had by long indulgence, and exercise, grown so strong that she was not aware of its power. With her, tens were thousands, feet were miles, moments were hours, a passing pain was intense agony. Everything she saw or heard was either "the very sweetest," "the most delightful," "perfectly enchanting," or "most horrible," "perfectly

awful," "the hatefullest thing in the world."

So entirely were the other girls in our school accustomed to hear her talk in this manner, that they had ceased to remark it, always taking Kate's assertions with a considerable degree of allowance, and as they said, "letting them go for what they were worth."

There was one little girl, however, a new comer in the school, who could not comprehend her at all. Little Mary Grey was the daughter of a country clergyman, and had always lived in a retired village, having very little intercourse with any persons out of her own



OUR SCHOOL GIRLS.

family. Her father had always inculcated upon his family the importance of the strictest truthfulness, and taught them to regard the slightest deviation from it as downright falsehood. And so conscientious was little Mary, and so careful to follow his precepts, that she seemed to weigh every word she uttered, and to select those which would exactly express the meaning she wished to convey.

It was after little Mary arrived at the school that the scene occurred which I have mentioned in the story of "Adelle Sinclair," after Adelle and little Agnes Stewart had been to Clarence Hill, and

the girls had drawn from Agnes the account of their reception at that place.

Little Mary Grey sat in her room, (which she occupied in common with Kate Stanley and two other girls,) reading her bible before going to bed, when Kate and two or three of her friends burst into the room.

“Oh, dear!” gasped Kate, holding her sides, and sinking down on the bed, “oh, dear! I have laughed till I *certainly thought* I should die.”

“Why—Miss—Stanley!” said little Mary, slowly, looking up from her bible.

“What *now*, little one?” asked Kate.

“Why, I was thinking what an awful

thing it would be to die laughing ; how did you feel when you thought you were dying. ?”

“What a simpleton the child is !” said Kate, feeling the absurdity of making a common sense explanation of the words she had used ; then turning to little Mary, she said :

“Don’t alarm yourself, my dear ; I think I shall recover from this paroxysm.” At this, the girls all laughed, and little Mary looked from one to another with a puzzled air, as if she could not understand them at all, and then went to reading again.

The next day Kate came running up

stairs, and said ; “ Girls, if any of you want pins, needles, thread, or tape, there is a little, old, dried up woman down stairs with some to sell ; she is awfully old ; I should think she was two hundred and fifty, at least.”

“ Why—Miss—Stanley !” again exclaimed poor little Mary ; “ that cannot be possible, you know, for people never live to so great an age now. In the old testament times”—

“ For pity’s sake, child, don’t talk to me about the old testament times ; but go and look for yourself, and see if she is not very old.” And off ran little Mary Grey full of curiosity to see a per-

son who looked two hundred and fifty years old; but she was very much disappointed to see only an ordinary-looking old woman, about as old as grandmother at home, and she was only eighty.

On another occasion Kate sat studying her lesson, when, all at once, she exclaimed, impatiently, "Well, here I have sat poring over this lesson about forty hours. I don't see the use of giving a person a thousand pages to learn!"

"Forty hours at one lesson, Miss Stanley!" exclaimed the astonished little Mary, who could not become accus-

tomed to forms of expression so entirely new to her ; “ that is a long time indeed to be studying on one lesson, and I should *hardly* think there could be a thousand pages in that book.”

“ Well ! she is the oddest little creature I ever met in this world,” said Kate, laughing ; “ I have not made a remark since she came here, that has not caused her the most unlimited surprise. As for her, I do not believe she ever asserted anything positively in her life, she is so afraid she shall say something that is not strictly true. I positively believe that if you were to meet her in the hall, and ask her if she got up this

morning, she would say, 'Why, really I believe so—but, I will not be certain of it—I rather think I did.' Yesterday, do you believe, she came and told me she had brought a pail full of water up to my room for me ; but soon after she came running to me, with an expression of contrition on her face, and exclaimed, 'Miss Stanley, I said I had carried a pail full of water up to your room ; but I was mistaken, it was not quite full.' Probably," added Kate, "the pail would have held two drops more."

At this, the girls all laughed again, and little Mary, who was extremely sensitive, stood looking at them as if the

“two drops” had got into her eyes. But the other girls said to her, “Don’t cry, Mary, we all know Kate, and make every allowance for all she says.”

One fine summer afternoon the class in botany, of which Kate was a member, went out to gather flowers. In the course of the afternoon, however, an unexpected, but very slight shower came up, and they did not return till nearly tea-time. When they came in, Kate Stanley threw herself into a chair, exclaiming :

“Oh, dear ! I am tired to death ! I never was so tired since I was born ! I could not take another step to save

my life ! It was perfectly ridiculous in Miss Allen to take us round fifty miles ; and then that pouring rain came on, and we had to wade through the mud. Positively, I was mud to the knees !”

“Pouring rain, Miss Stanley !” exclaimed little Mary Grey, in astonishment, “why there was only a slight shower here, and your shoes do not look as if you had been in such deep mud.”

“Don’t they, little Simpleton ?” said Kate, “well, just put away my hat and scarf, and then come back with your scales and weights, for I have not done talking yet.”

Then turning to the other girls, who

had remained at home, she continued ;
“ Well, the rain drove us into a cottage,
and I *never* had such a time ! *never* in
the world ! the woman had at least
twenty brats, about *that* high, toddling
about ” —

“ Oh—Miss—Stanley ! impossible ! ”
interrupted little Mary.

“ I do really believe that child will
do me some good, after all, ” said Kate,
laughing good-naturedly ; “ her simple
‘ Why—Miss—Stanley ! ’ and ‘ Oh—Miss
—Stanley—is it possible ! ’ pin me down
to plain matter of fact, at once. Some-
times, I think she is deeper than she
seems, and does it on purpose to

make me reflect, and sober down my statements."

"The *fact* is—" began Olivia Harley.

"Ah!" interrupted Kate, "here comes in explanatory notes by Miss *Factotum*."

"I think it would be well for you, Kate, if explanatory notes could accompany you wherever you go," answered Olivia, "but the *fact* is, girls, we have taken rather a long walk, of perhaps two or three miles, and are pretty tired, but I rather think that when the tea bell rings, Miss Kate, as well as the rest of us, will show that she can take a few steps more, and pretty rapid ones too, to save her life; for if she feels as

I do, her long walk has given her something of an appetite. As to the shower, I suspect it was no more severe with us than with you, but fearing it might rain hard we stopped for a few moments at the first cottage we saw ; and here the twenty brats, seen by the eye of sober reality, dwindle down to two little children, who were playing about the floor, and two older ones, who were playing out of doors." Just then the tea bell rang, and the girls all hurried down to the tea-table.

One day Cecilia Dale came into the room, where several of the girls were assembled, and exclaimed :

"Girls, the new French teacher has come, Monsieur de Lauriot!"

"Oh, mercy!" screamed Kate Stanley, "is it Monsieur de Lauriot? Why he taught in —— Seminary, when I was there. He never, by any accident, speaks the truth, and, moreover, he is as deaf as a post."

The other girls received this statement of Kate's with the ordinary degree of allowance, but little Mary Grey thought that if he were as deaf as a post, he must indeed be *very deaf*. So the first time little Mary's French class was called to recite, the new teacher happened to ask her the first question.

Mary remembered what Kate had said of him, and determined to spare him the trouble and mortification of being obliged to ask her to repeat her answer. So she rose up, and leaned over towards him, and with her little face crimson with the exertion, screamed the answer to him. The other girls laughed, but Mary, who was intent on her lesson, did not perceive it; neither did she remark that none of the rest of the class spoke above their ordinary tone of voice.

The next time the question came to Mary, she put her mouth close to Monsieur de Lauriot's ear, and screamed out the answer in the same manner as

she had done before, when he dropping his book, and putting both hands to his ears, exclaimed :

“ Oh, leetle miss ! leetle miss ! I *am* not deaf ! You must not scream dat way, leetle miss ! 'tis not de ladies does so ! ”

The girls set up such a shout of laughter that poor little Mary burst into tears, and left the room, while Cecilia Dale explained to Monsieur de Lauriot, that Mary had been told that he was deaf.

When Kate came up to her room, little Mary, who was still bathing her eyes, sobbed out, “ Oh, Miss Stanley ! how could you play me such a trick ! ”

“Trick, Mary! I did not intend to play you any trick, my dear, indeed, I did not,” answered Kate.

“But did you not tell me that Monsieur de Lauriot was as deaf as a post?”

“Well, that was exaggerating it somewhat, I must confess,” said Kate, “but I always did think he must be a little deaf, for he invariably made me repeat every word I said. That might have been, however, because he did not understand my French. I am really sorry though, my dear little Mary, that I have made so much trouble for you, but it has all been explained to Monsieur de Lauriot, who took it very good-

naturedly, and nothing more will come of it."

But little Mary Grey's tears were not the only sad effects of this fault of Kate Stanley's. A more serious result was one day produced by it, as I will proceed to tell you.

There was an old woman, who lived in the village of the name of Stokes. She kept a little shop for the sale of cakes, candies, and other good things, and as she was very neat, and everything she made was nice, she was well patronized by the young ladies of our school.

This old woman had a son, who was

a shoemaker. He was her only child, and her heart was bound up in him. John Stokes had taken up very violently some of the exciting opinions of the day, and was very bold in declaring his adherence to them; and some of Mrs. Stokes' neighbors had had the kindness to inform her, that her son's life was threatened by a mob, who had determined unless he renounced these sentiments, to surround the house, and seize him, giving him a coat of tar and feathers, and a ducking in the mill-pond.

This furnished the old lady matter of meditation and fear, sufficient to keep

her awake and miserable, many hours of every night, watching for the cry of the mob, and starting at every sound. When she did fall asleep, so full was her mind of these anticipated horrors, that she dreamed every night for a week, that her son John came into the room, looking like a magnified turkey, his feathers all dripping with the muddy water of the mill-pond.

One Saturday afternoon, Kate Stanley, and some of the other girls, walked into the village, and as they passed Mrs. Stokes' shop, they stepped in to buy some candy. Just as they were leaving the shop, one of the girls said :

"Why, Kate, you forgot to stop at Stokes' to get your shoes."

"No, I did not forget," answered Kate, "but I was not going to make my way through a hundred men who were standing around the door."

"A hundred men round my son's door!" said the old woman to herself in great consternation and alarm, "oh, dear! oh, dear! the mob have got him then, at last!" and starting to run after the young ladies, to ask them more about it, she fell at her own door without sense or motion.

Fortunately, it was near tea-time, and John Stokes was on his way home.

As he reached his mother's house, he found it very difficult to open the door, some heavy object appearing to press against it from the inside. What was his surprise when on forcing open the door, he saw his poor, old mother lying on the floor, to all appearance dead. John took her up in his arms, and carried her to her own room, and laid her on the bed, and not daring to leave her long enough to call the assistance of neighbors, and knowing nothing better to do, he brought some water, with which he drenched her so effectually, that she gasped, and came to.

“What was it, dear mother?” asked

John, when she opened her eyes, "what was the matter?"

"Oh, John! my dear son! thank God you are safe! but what did they do to you, my son? Was it tar and feathers, John, or the rail?"

"Now, surely, my poor, old mother's wits are gone astray," said John to himself, and then to her he said, "What can you mean, dear mother? No one has been doing any of those dreadful things to me."

"Oh, no!" groaned the old woman, "'twas the mill-pond. I am all drenched with your leaning on me. Oh, those wicked, wicked men to treat my poor boy so."

John was more and more bewildered ; but he tried to soothe and calm his mother, telling her that no harm had come to him, and he did not believe that any one meant him any harm ; and then after asking several questions of her, the whole story of her fright came out. She told him what the neighbors had told her, and how long she had dreaded and feared some evil coming to him ; and then that some of the young ladies of the school, had been down there, who said there were a hundred men around his shop. "And," said she, "I fancied I could see them bearing you off, to do some of those

dreadful things to you, or perhaps, to murder you, and that is the last I can remember."

John was indignant beyond measure. He could not imagine why any young ladies should come there to tell deliberate falsehoods, and frighten his poor, old mother out of her senses. "If it was for a '*trick*,'" he said, "it was a very mean thing to do, and one unbecoming a young lady." And he determined, as soon as he could leave his mother, to walk up to Maple Grove, and speak to Mrs. Hargrave about it.

That evening, about an hour after tea, the young ladies were all sum-

moned to the dining-room, the orders being very peremptory, that every one should present herself there. This was an unusual proceeding, and caused us all no little surprise.

As we entered the room, we noticed that Mrs. Hargrave looked stern and displeased, and, after calling the roll to see that all were present, she began to speak to us in this manner.

“Young ladies, I am much pained at the occasion for my calling you all together, this evening. I have always wished that my school should bear a good reputation in the village near us, and the country around, and you will

bear me witness, that I have always inculcated upon you the importance of being strictly lady-like in your deportment.

“But I grieve to say that some of my pupils (and it remains to be seen *who*,) have brought us all into disgrace, and caused the serious illness of an aged woman in our village.”

Here we all looked at each other in amazement, wondering what was to come next.

“The charge is brought against us,” continued Mrs. Hargrave, “by Mr. Stokes, the shoemaker, who is now here, and has just stated to me that some of

the young ladies of my school were at his mother's shop this afternoon, and informed her that there was a mob collected around her son's door. The old woman it seems has heard that her son has been threatened with violence, and has long been nervous and troubled on the subject, and this sudden intelligence brought on a fainting fit; from which she has now recovered, but from what her son says of her state, I should think her nervous system had received a shock from which it will take a long time to become completely restored. As it would be very unfair to let this imputation rest on the school if unde-

served, or that any of its members should be suspected unjustly, I shall expect that the offenders, if here, will at once, confess their fault, and make all the reparation in their power." Every young lady, without exception, denied having done anything of the kind.

"This is very strange," said Mrs. Hargrave, and ringing the bell, she desired the servant to ask Mr. Stokes to walk into the dining-room. "Mr. Stokes," said Mrs. Hargrave, "are you quite sure that the young ladies who gave your mother this fright were members of my school?"

"My mother was quite sure of it, ma'am," answered Stokes, "and she knows all the young ladies by sight, though she does not know the names of all of them."

Mrs. Hargrave then said, "If any of the young ladies here present were at Mrs. Stokes' shop this afternoon, I will thank them to rise."

Kate Stanley and three other girls immediately rose.

"Did either of you tell Mrs. Stokes that there was a mob collected around her son's door?"

The answer from each was a decided negative.

"The words were not '*a mob*' exactly, Mrs. Hargrave," said Stokes, "but one of the young ladies said she did not dare to go into my shop for her shoes, as there were a hundred men about the door."

"Oh, now I can tell you all about it, Mrs. Hargrave," said Kate, eagerly, her face, at the same time, crimsoning with mortification. She then related exactly what had occurred, and added, "I did not speak to Mrs. Stokes, and was not aware that she heard me, though, if I had known that she did, it would not have prevented my saying it, as I had not the slightest intention of frightening

her. It was all caused by this foolish habit of exaggeration, in which, as you know, I am too apt to indulge ; and it had entirely passed from my mind till this moment, or I should have made this explanation before."

"How many men *in truth* then were there around the shop?" asked Mrs. Hargrave.

"There were five or six in all," said Kate, blushing more deeply, "standing before the door of the shop, talking together, and, as I did not wish to make my way through them to get my shoes, I thought I would wait till I came back."

"Yes, I remember," said Stokes,

“three or four of my friends in passing, happened to meet before my shop, and stopped to talk for a few minutes, and I joined them, and that, or the *exaggeration* of that, has made all’ this trouble. But, I have yet to learn by what rule of arithmetic a young lady is taught that five or six is equal to one hundred.”

“It is very foolish and very wrong to talk in this way, Mr. Stokes,” said Kate, “and I regret my folly exceedingly, and think, this will be a good lesson to me as long as I live. I shall come to see your mother, and do all I can to atone for the distress my thoughtlessness has caused her.”

Mr. Stokes then took his leave, and Mrs. Hargrave had a long conversation with Kate, in which she gave her some good advice on the best manner of endeavoring to overcome this fault.

This advice, I am happy to say, was not lost upon Kate, as we all perceived from that time, a marked change in her. And though she sometimes forgot herself, and began to use her old forms of expression, she would immediately correct herself, and before she left school she was as remarkable for strict truthfulness in all she said, as even little Mary Grey herself.

Skating.

HURRAH, school is over ! the lessons all said,
And now for my skates, and my new painted
sled ;

Then down to the ice, all the village is there,
There 's a baby upon it, I really declare !

Hurrah for the ice ! now, dear mother, don't fret,
If I should fall through, I could scarcely get
wet,

For my promise I keep, to skate near to the shore,
There 'twill bear, father says, a full stage-coach
and four.



WINTER FROLICS.

And what do I care if my ears should get froze,
And Jack Frost bites the ends of my fingers
and toes?

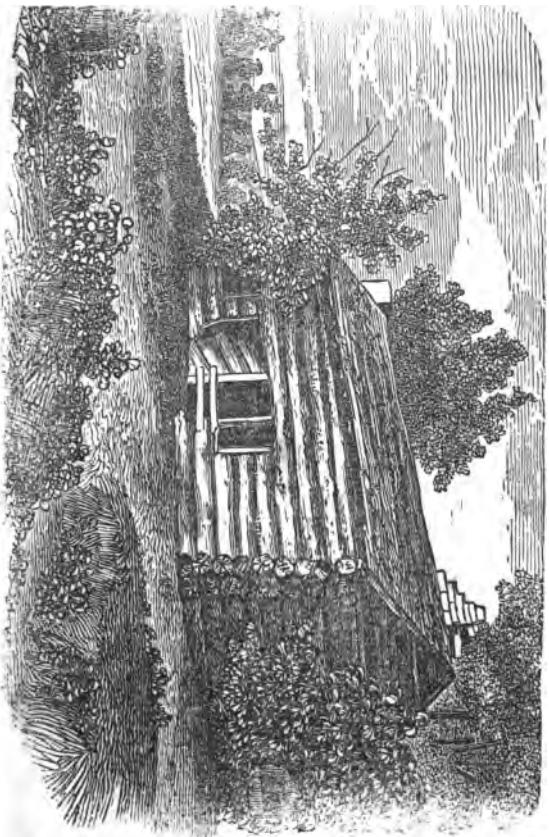
I but play all the harder, in spite of the storm,
And in frolic and exercise, soon get them warm.

Now come to the window, dear mother, and see,
How I can cut backwards a fine figure three,
And how over the ice like the lightning I flee—
Hurrah for the winter! cold winter for me!

Remorse.

I USED to love dearly to ride with my father, as he travelled on business, from one village to another. He always had so much to tell me that was interesting, or useful, for having lived long in that part of the country, he knew the history of every family, and every house, around us.

I was once riding with him when in passing through a deep, dark wood, we



THE DESERTED LOG HUT.

came to what had once been a clearing, where stood the ruins of a deserted log hut.

“What a melancholy-looking place!” I exclaimed.

“Melancholy enough!” said my father, “and a mournful history is connected with it. There once lived a man in that hut of the name of Holmes. He had once had a wife, and two or three children, but they were all dead, and he lived alone. Whether from his troubles, or from other cause, he became sullen, and ill-tempered, so that the people around did not care to have much to do with him, and he lived a lonely

life, seldom speaking to any human being.

“It was ten years ago this last winter, that we had the most tremendous fall of snow, that had been known in this part of the country for years, and the weather for a long time was piercingly cold. One terrible night that winter, when the wind was blowing, and the snow driving, at a fearful rate, at about midnight, a traveller knocked at the door of Holmes’ cottage, and begged him for the love of heaven to let him in, as he was perishing.

“Holmes answered from his bed, ‘that it was only half a mile to the

next tavern, and he must go on to that.' The traveller replied, 'that he could not possibly go many steps farther, that his feet were already frozen, and he should certainly die, unless he could find shelter immediately.' He begged earnestly for admittance, he offered to pay well for the accommodation, but Holmes only bade him begone, and turning over in his warm bed, he prepared to go to sleep again.

"The traveller turned from the door; Holmes heard his steps for a moment on the snow; then they ceased, and he thought he heard a groan. But he contented himself with saying, 'that it was

only the wind ;' and tried to dismiss the traveller from his thoughts. In the morning, he rose, and looked out. The snow was drifted by the wind into all the paths, but directly in front of his house, and only a few steps from the door, was a mound of snow, a little higher than the rest.

“Holmes brought his spade, and began to clear the path. When he reached the mound of snow, he had not shovelled long, before he struck upon something which sent a chill to his heart. In a few moments more, he had uncovered the body of the stiff and frozen traveller. Then remorse began to work

in the breast of the lonely man. It gnawed at his heart, as if the undying worm had already begun its work. I have heard the neighbors say, that he would often walk with bare feet on the frozen snow, and put himself to other tortures, to try, if possible, to drown the anguish of his mind, by the sufferings of the body. One morning, when the neighbors passed his house, on their way to the village, they saw that the paths were not cleared about the house, and that there was no smoke rising from the chimney. This continued for several days, and as Holmes never went away from home, they concluded that

he must be either sick, or dead, and decided to burst open the door. On doing so, they found the wretched victim of remorse, hanging by the neck, from his own bed-post.

“Oh!” added my father, “I have often thought, what must that remorse be, from which there is no possibility of escape; when to relieve himself from its horrors here, a man will rush from life, to the terrible realities of the second death.”

The Dying Boy.

MOTHER, how dark it grows !
Open the shutters, mother, let the light
Come in once more upon my failing sight,
Before the daylight close.

Mother, I cannot hear.
Your voice seems faint and distant when you
speak,
Come near, and let me once more kiss your
cheek,
. My mother dear.



THE DYING BOY.

Mother, 'tis growing bright.
 A golden glory bursts upon my gaze,
 Beyond the brightness of the sun's bright rays,
 'Tis Heaven's own light.

Oh, Mother! *now* I hear!
 And angel voices seem to sing to me,
 And golden harps and music heavenly
 Are sounding in my ear.

Closed was the mortal eye,
 All earthly things had faded from the sight,
 But on his spirit's vision glories bright
 Had burst, on high!

Hushed was the mortal ear,
 And all unheeded fell the tones once dear,
 But heavenly voices had their welcome given,
 The boy had waked in heaven!

The Dead Mother.

“**C**OME, Trip! Come, Trip! we must not stop to rest,” said little Kathleen, as she ran over the desolate heath, “we must hurry on to the village, for poor mother is so very sick, that I fear she will die, before we can get the doctor there; and poor little Ellen is all alone with her.”

So saying, little Kathleen drew her



KATHLEEN CROSSING THE HEATH.

shawl more closely about her, and hurried on over the heath.

Poor widow Clare had been failing all winter ; and her frequent walks to the village in search of work, after she

should have been at home, taking care of herself, hastened her decline. No one had any idea of the sufferings of that family during that hard winter; for it is generally the dirty, and shiftless, who are assisted, while it seems to be taken for granted, that the tidy, and patched clothes are worn by those who do not need assistance. Mrs. Clare could not bring herself to beg, and many a day had passed, when there had been no food in her cottage.

Many a nice place might have been found for Kathleen, but Mrs. Clare was so weak now, that she actually needed her at home, to take care of herself and

little Ellen, as she had such frequent ill turns, that she feared to be left alone.

She had been very ill all night, and when the daylight came, she told Kathleen that she felt quite certain, that the sun had risen for her, for the last time.

"Oh, mother dear, don't say that," said Kathleen; "you have had a great many such low turns before. Let me make you comfortable, and lay the baby up beside you, and then run for good Doctor Bliss. You know he is a man who will never stop to ask whether we can pay him or not. I'll not be very long, dear mother; I will run every step of the way."

But it was a long, weary way to the village; more than two long miles; and the wind was blowing a perfect hurricane. The heath to which Kathleen had now come, was quite bare of snow, and she ran over it more rapidly than she had come through the drifted roads. But after she had crossed the heath, she plunged and staggered through the deep drifts again; and then she began to be so very cold, for her clothing was thin, that her courage almost failed. But when she thought of her sick mother lying alone at home, she once more braced herself against the storm, and hurried on.

Now she hears the jingling of a sleigh bell, and steps aside into the deep drift, to let the sleigh pass by. Many a man would have passed that child without heeding her, but not such a man was he who now drove up in a rude sledge, with his little girl before him wrapped up in buffalo skins. He stopped his horse, and said, "Where are you going, my little girl, this dismal day!" "I am going to the village, Sir, for the doctor, for mother." "Well, jump in, jump in, my poor child, sit right down on the floor there, beside my little girl. Poor little thing how cold you are! let me tuck you up nicely in these buffalo skins."



THE KIND TRAVELLER.

“May Trip come in too, Sir?”

“Yes, yes, take Trip in by all means; come! in with you, sir! now we are off again. Get up, old Dick, you must go faster now, for you are going for the doctor.”

In a very short time, the kind traveller had landed little Kathleen at the doctor's door; but to her great disappointment, the doctor was not at home; and she had to wait a long time in restless impatience before he came. When at last he came in from his long, cold ride, and found little Kathleen waiting for him, he gave orders that the horse should not be put out, and only remain in the house long enough to “get a

little thawed," as he said, he soon started off for Mrs. Clare's cottage, with little Kathleen beside him.

They reached the cottage door, and Kathleen went in first. When the doctor came in, she said, "I think mother must be better, doctor, she is sleeping so nicely."

The doctor stepped to the side of the bed, where he stood for a moment, and then said :

"My poor child! she is sleeping a sleep from which she will waken no more."

It was indeed so, and little Ellen was sleeping beside her, her little rosy face resting against her mother's cold cheek.

The Parrot.

AGATHA'S parrot was really a wonderful bird. He was not to be mentioned in the same day, with the low, common parrots, who never in their education get beyond "Poll wants a cracker!" and "Poll wants to get out!" but he seemed really to understand everything that was said to him, and his remarks were often very sensible and striking. Of course, he could



AGATHA AND HER PARROT.

say nothing but what he had heard others say, but still, he seemed to understand most astonishingly for a bird, how to apply the learning he had acquired.

In early life, unfortunately, his associations were low. He was owned by a man who kept a small grocery on the wharf; and here, I am sorry to say, he acquired a bad habit of swearing, which like all other bad habits, it was very difficult to get rid of. Even after his talents had introduced him to a much higher sphere, and he had been taught to converse with propriety, an oath would sometimes slip out, much to the

horror of his gentle mistress, who was obliged to punish him by putting him into a dark closet for a day, and cutting off his supply of crackers.

From the grocer on the wharf, Dick was purchased by a tailor, who lived in one of the principal streets of the city, and here, (you will hardly believe it,) but he was soon promoted to be *head clerk*! The tailor would sit at work in the little back-room, and leave Dick hanging in the shop. The moment the front-door opened, a harsh voice cried, (for Dick's voice *was* harsh, I cannot deny that,) "Somebody in the shop! Somebody in the shop!"

Dick was a staunch *politician*, too. After surveying the customers who came in, he generally made the remark, "I'm for Harrison! who are you for?" but it is remarkable that though the hero of Tippecanoe has long since slept with his fathers, Dick still continues to declare that he goes for Harrison.

The fame of this wonderful bird soon spread through the city, and useful as he was as clerk, the tailor was tempted by a high offer, to sell him to Mr. M—, the wealthy merchant, who wished him for a birthday present to his daughter.

Here Dick was instructed in all that was proper and right, and became very

correct in his conversation, except, as I have stated, an occasional lapse through forgetfulness, into his former bad habits.

Agatha's brother Edward was very sick with a fever at one time ; and one day, as the man Patrick was stepping on to the piazza, he was astonished by hearing from Dick's cage, "Patrick ! Patrick ! how's Edward ?" This he continued to ask every day, and though Edward has long been well, he still asks occasionally, "Patrick ! how's Edward ?"

But the most wonderful thing Dick ever said was to Betty, the cook, who could not help telling it, though it

brought herself out as doing something she had intended to conceal. One Sunday, after all the family had gone to church, but Betty and Dick, who was hanging just outside the kitchen door, Betty thought she would just trim her new hat, (which came home late on Saturday night,) so that she could put it on to go out in the afternoon. She had just taken her seat in the kitchen door, and her work in her hand, and had begun to sew on the trimmings, when she was startled by an exclamation from Dick, in tones of reproach, "Betty! Betty! sew on Sunday? sew on Sunday?" Betty dropped her work,

and said, "that if even the parrot cried out upon her for her wickedness, she would wear her old hat before she would take another stitch on Sunday."

Did you ever hear a parrot laugh? Dick's laugh was so hearty that no one could possibly help joining in it. One day, Agatha walked out with a new hat and shawl on. When she came in she kept down her veil, and Dick, who was walking around the room, took her for a stranger. Dick was very watchful against thieves, and always scolded very loudly, when a stranger touched anything in the house. As soon as Agatha perceived that Dick did not

know her, she walked about picking up various articles, and putting them in her pocket; Dick following her, and scolding more and more angrily. At length, when his rage grew beyond all bounds, and he began to peck her feet, she turned towards him, and threw up her veil. As soon as Dick saw her face, he burst into a hearty "haw! haw! haw!" and continued it over and over again, louder, and louder, till Agatha had to hold her sides, and sink into a chair, while she laughed in sympathy, till the tears ran down her cheeks.

Aunt Prudence's Ride in the Cars.

“**W**HAT on earth does that horrible screeching mean?” exclaimed Aunt Prudence Horner, setting down her flat-iron, and looking towards the door in consternation.

“Why, Miss Horner, it's the *ingine*!” said Sally, her little maid of all work. “When I lived out to Victory, it used to go through a great many times in a day.”

"Dew tell!" said Aunt Prudence. "Well, now, the new railroad is done to be sure! and we shall have the ingines going through here every day tew, I suppose."

"But, Miss Horner," said Sally, "do come and see the cows, how they run for dear life! Now, down to Victory, they've got so used to the ingines, and the cars, that they stand still to get run over. Why, they are all the time cutting cows in two, and gettin' throwed off the track."

"Well, when they really get well-a-going, if it seems to be a safe way of travelling, I really think I shall run

down to Pompey, and see Jane Amelia. It's such a horrid piece of roads to go over by stage, that I always expect to get my neck broke, and here now it's six months since I've seen Jane Amelia, or any of the young ones, and the baby must be three months old, and I've never laid eyes on him yet."

The railroad had been some two or three months in operation, before Aunt Prudence ventured to trust herself in the cars, but, at length, being assured by many of her neighbors, and friends, that they had tried it, and found it to be "dreadful safe," and being more and more desirous every day to see "Jane

Amelia, and the young ones," she, at length, determined to close her house, send Sally to her mother for a week, and go down to Pompey, to visit her daughter.

In spite of the many assurances she received of the safety of railroad travelling, it was with a quaking heart that she took her seat in the cars, which were already pretty well filled. Presently, a pleasant-looking young gentleman came along, looking about him for a seat, and stopping near Aunt Prudence and looking at her, he said, "If this seat is not taken, I will sit down here with your permission, ma'am?"

"Oh, *dew*, Sir, *dew*!" said Aunt Prudence, who was glad to have any gentleman near her, upon whom she could call for assistance, in case of accident.

Aunt Prudence was of a very sociable turn, and could not be long in the company of any person without entering into conversation. So she asked the young gentleman if he had come *fur*, and if he was going *fur*, and if he travelled much on railroads, and if he met with a great many accidents; to all of which questions, he gave very civil answers, by which Aunt Prudence learned that he was a great traveller, and had never met with any serious ac-

cident yet. Then she attacked him upon the subject of his family, and his business, and having got all out of him which she thought possible, she proceeded to inform him that she had shut up her house, and was going down about twenty miles to Pompey, to see her daughter Jane Amelia. That she had never been in a rail-car before, and was "dreadful feared;" then she went off to some little private matters of her own family history, when she was interrupted by that same horrible screech again. Never having heard it so plainly before, she was very much terrified, and seizing her companion's arm, she

asked "What they were going to do now?"

"Nothing, ma'am," he answered, "but to *start*." And in a moment, the cars gave a jog, then another; then started off rather slowly, but in a moment more they were flying by fields, and orchards, and fences, with such rapidity that it made Aunt Prudence dizzy to look out. In less than an hour, the cars stopped at a station on the outskirts of some village. Most of the passengers left, to get refreshments, but Aunt Prudence, having eaten a lunch just before starting, preferred sitting still. She was much amused with the cries of the little

boys, who came through the cars, with various articles for sale.

"Here's your nice aunges!" cried one.
"Aunges, sir? Any aunges here? Here's your nice aunges!"

"Here's your nice pop-corn! nice—and fresh! here's your nice pop-corn! pop-corn, ma'am? any pop-corn, sir? Here's your nice pop-corn! nice—and fresh!"

"Apples, here! nice apples! apples wanted here?"

"Here's your nice Jenny Lind chewing gum!"

"Books! books! James' last novel!"
and so they kept coming, and return-

ing, through the cars, each one crying with precisely the same tone, in which he had cried before. But now the cars were moving again, and Aunt Prudence's companion had not returned; she began to be very much alarmed about him, fearing that he had been run over by the cars. But all other thoughts were forgotten, when in passing through the other part of the village, in which they had stopped, she saw distinctly her daughter's cottage, and her little grandchildren by the door.

"Why! why! stop! I want to get out! Do tell 'em to stop! What place is this?" said she, in agonized tones,

as she saw the conductor coming along towards her.

"Why, that was *Pompey*, ma'am ; I thought you wanted to get out there ?"

"Well, I did ! but who would have thought we had got here so soon ! Why, it used to take—— But why didn't you tell me ?"

"I opened the car-door, and screamed 'Pompey !' as loud as I could."

"Well, I didn't hear you, if you did ; those boys made such a clatter ! But can't you just let me out ? Only to think of going right by Jane Amelia's door !"

"We couldn't possibly stop the cars

now, ma'am. We are behind time already. You will have to go on to the next station, and come back to-night."

"And how far is that?"

"Twenty-five miles!"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! I have n't got money enough to take me there and back."

"Oh! if that is the case, I will not charge you anything for the rest of the trip," said the conductor.

Poor Aunt Prudence was landed in a strange place, and took her seat in the railroad house, to wait the arrival of the next train going west. Three long hours she waited, and, at length, her

ears were gladdened by the sound of the whistle.

“Now,” said she to herself, as she took her place in the cars, “I will have my eyes and ears about me, and when we come to Pompey, I guess I will know it.”

For an hour or more they flew along, and, at length, the screech of the whistle announced that they were approaching a town. “What place is this?” she asked of a man near her. “This is Pompey, ma’am!” he answered.

“Well,” said she, “there is no mistake this time, and I shall yet rest in Jane Amelia’s cottage to-night.”

As the cars passed her daughter's cottage, and she saw Jane Amelia herself sitting by the window, she thought to herself, "How little they think that granny is in the cars; I will walk up from the station and surprise them."

But what was her horror, when the cars whisked by the station-house, and in an instant left it, and Pompey too, far behind.

"Why! why! what does this mean? I am to git out here!" she said.

"Oh, this is the *express*, ma'am; it does n't stop at these small villages;" was the answer.

"Well! if that is n't rediculous!" said

Aunt Prudence, tears of vexation and disappointment running down her cheeks. "I started from home this morning, to go and see my darter Jane Amelia, and here I've passed her cottage twice, and seen herself and the young ones, and then what do the cars do, but just whisk through the village without stopping. I'll try the stage after this. The cars a'nt no accommodation at all."

"You cannot expect the *express* to be *accommodation*, ma'am," said a gentleman near; "but I advise you, if you ever try railroad travelling again, to ascertain whether the cars are going to stop at the place, to which you wish to go."

The evening saw Aunt Prudence back in her own house, and Sally recalled from her home. "Jane Amelia may come to see me now," said the old lady, "for this is my first and last ride in the cars, I can tell you."

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